Drink to Me Only With Thine Lips

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Drink to Me Only With Thine Lips

by harleygirl2648

Summary

A quiet, pleasant evening scene between Will and Hannibal, told only through dialogue.

Notes

i was inspired by the lovely dialogue fics by victorine and I wanted to take a shot at writing my own!

See the end of the work for more notes

“What’s for dinner?”

“Pork loin in a raspberry sauce, with *risotto con parmigiano-reggiano* on the side.”

“That’s a *very* rare pork loin.”

“It is safe to consume rare. I find the tang of the blood adds a nice contrast to sweetness of the berry.”

“I'm sure it does. Who is it, by the way?”

“Mrs. Johannson.”

“Oh, right. So does that mean we can throw out the grocer, he’s been in the freezer for a month.”

“His liver is salvageable, but the rest may be disposed of.”

“It’s your turn to clean the freezer, though.”

“Will-”

“Because the *one time* I threw out a perfectly decent kidney, you still haven’t let me live that down. If you’re going to be picky, do it yourself.”

“Very well. Would you pass me the opal basil, please?”

“Here you go.”

“Thank you. Now - *Will.”*

“Yes?”

“Would you mind not sitting on the counter, it's not sanitary.”

“Well, you’re not working over here.”

“Your behavior is remarkably similar to that of a spoiled cat.”

“Are you trying to push me off this counter? Rude, Hannibal.”

“Would you set the table, then? I require this space to finish plating the food.”

“Fine, plate it all pretty, as though it really matters.”

“It *matters,* Will.”

“I know, *dear,* I just like to push your buttons.”

“Oh my *god,* this is delicious.”

“I’m pleased you are enjoying it.”

“You’re right, the blood adds a metallic tang that’s just perfect. You know, I never liked the taste of blood before I met you. Used to scrub at the fish I caught until they were perfectly clean. I didn't want any blood in them.”

“Why not?”

“I was still struggling with myself, with who I was. There was so much blood in my dreams, at my job, I didn’t want to be reminded of it during something as innocuous as dinner.”

“And now?”

“Now? Now, I *want* blood. Not just - not just like this, prepared and arranged to hide the blood pooling in the dish. I like it when it runs out over your lips, when you bit Dolarhyde, when you bit that guy that tried to kidnap and torture me a week ago. It makes you look feral, such a contrast to the man you present to the rest of the world.”

“He laid a hand on you, I was going to make him suffer.”

“That was a pleasant evening, you made it last for *hours* before you let me have a turn.”

“And you looked divine with the blood spattered across your face as you delivered the final blow.”

“Well, aren’t we just domestic as hell?”

“I suppose to some, our existence here could be considered hell. At least for the others.”

“Oh, like how occasionally you decide to read out the weekly conspiracy theories about us you find on TattleCrime? The one about me being *slowly* tortured and *slowly* eaten over time in Florence was particularly bleak.”

“In their defense, it would be a shame not to savor you, Will. However, I do prefer the one where Miss Lounds proclaimed that we were in Japan engaging the art of *nyotaimori.”*

“Of course you would. Are you done eating now?”

“For the moment, yes.”

“Excellent. Could you get another bottle of that Chardonnay and meet me in the living room?”

“Will, I have to clean the table.”

“You can wait a while, come with me.”

“There’s no need to pull or wrinkle my shirt, Will.”

“Mmmm, this is nice, sitting here, with you.”

“Yesss, it is.”

“You’re not exactly sober there, doctor.”

“Ridiculous.”

“It is, considering that you drank most of it.”

“Untrue.”

“See, you’re never this blunt unless you’re under the influence of something.”

“Please, I’ve only ever been under *your* influence, Will. Nothing else.”

“ I know. Quite a power I posses. If I told you to kill the first person I saw as we went outside, would you kill them for me?”

“Yes. Shhh.”

“Did you just shush me? Of all the fucking n...mmph!”

“...”

“...”

“...”

“..Hannibal if we’re going to keep doing this, we should go upstairs.”

“...Do you know what happens when starches aren’t cleaned up immediately? They become glued to the-”

“I am *not* discussing washing the dishes with your hand where it is right now, Hannibal. Up the stairs.”

“Ah.”

“Will.”

“Ahhhh, hmmmmm, yes, god, *yes.”*

“Will.”

“Please.”

“What *ah* what do you want, Will? I’ll *ah* I'll give you anything.”

“I *oh god* I want to, I want to be *mmm* taken apart, put back together in *fuck* in your image.”

“Will.”

“Hannibal, I - I *love you,* oh *god!”*

“Will!”

“...”

“...”

“...are you crying again?”

“I love you, Will.”

“I love you, too, Hannibal.”

End Notes

nyotaimori is the act of eating sushi off of a naked body. :)

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